

## A Stroke of Peace

by KaeCover

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Summary: She walked out into the light, leaving the shadows behind her. Leaves rustled beneath her feet, leaving patterns in the air. As the ground started to slope downwards she angled her body so she wouldn't be sent down the hill faster than you called say Voldemort Just a short fic of a certain brunette witch and blonde wizard.

## A Stroke of Peace

**\*\*Hi.** So I thought I might try and write a Harry Potter fic this time. So please give it a shot and sorry if the characters don't seem the same as they are in the books or movies.**\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own Harry Potter or any of it's characters**\*\***

She walked out into the light, leaving the shadows behind her. Leaves rustled beneath her feet, leaving patterns in the air. As the ground started to slope downwards she angled her body so she wouldn't be sent down the hill faster than you called say Voldemort. Even though he was now wiped from the world forever many were still very afraid to say his name. As if saying his name would make him raise from whatever grave he had been placed in. Nope, he was gone and not coming back.

Her friends had asked if she wanted them to join her when she went wandering around the grounds but she had refused. She needed some thinking space. The world may not be free from pain and troubles but one less problem has been erased and is being celebrated across the globe or wizardry globe. Many were conflicted with the problem of wanting to celebrate but had known someone who cannot see the light of tomorrow. She was one of the many who did want to share this joyous moment but her mind kept playing the dark moments she had experienced or witnessed.

As she walked around the large lake she saw a shadowy figure sitting along the banks. There was a familiar shape to the figure but the way they held themselves showed defeat or deep thoughts.

"Do you mind if I join you?" she asked softly to the male sitting in front of her and in response she got a small glimpse of a nod and a smile?

She sat down, sitting close as the cold air was buying into her skin. He noticed this and shrugged off his jacket.

"Here take this. You will be warmer" he said gently

"But what about you? You are still important not matter what anyone says" she said with an edge of tenderness to her voice which once years ago was loathing. He just shuffled closer to her and placed the jacket over the both of them. If anyone saw them, their mouths would drop so low, the two would need a pair of shovels to find their bottom jaw.

"Hermioneâ€|. When all this war hooah is over can we please go out on our second first date?" he asked with so much obvious nervousness that she wiped her head around and reached out a cold hand to stoke his pale cheeks. He shivered beneath her hands and a small smile graced his features.

"Well considering our first attempt ended with your father trying to kill me I was hoping we could raise the bar we have set ourselves." She chuckled slightly at the many attempts to get alone time with her boyfriend but with all the people that want to keep her within touching distance it was quite hard.

"Can't resist my charm I see?" He said with a smirk plastered on his face. She ducked her head down and swatted his arm.

She unconsciously moved her hand from him to rub her arm. Under the thin layer of material was the scars that ghosted the word that summed her up for a couple of years to many people. The word forever leaving its remains but now she paid no attention to it. She had people who love her for who she is and not what background she is attached to. Pureblood, half-blood or muggleborn they didn't care. The male seated next to her layed his head on her shoulder and snuggled up to her. Everyone told her this would be her boyfriend she would have shown them the way to St Margo's. But here she was and she wouldn't want it any other way.

"I love you Hermione, you know that right? This isn't just a relationship to me, I want to stay with you as long as I possibly can" Small puffs of hot air left his lips as he said this and she smiled down fondly at him.

"I feel the same way don't worry, we are on the same page".

"So Granger when are we going to go grace Potter and Weasley with our presence?" Hermione smiled now with humour laced in her eyes. There goes the nervous boy she rarely sees and here comes the same cocky guy she had grown to love.

"Well Malfoy, I guess we can start heading up there now if you wish

but I for one am enjoying the peace that surrounds this lake. Can remeber when we first saw the lake on the first day? You and your slicked back hair and the frizz ball attached to my head" They both laughed at this, knowing that they had not gotten on very well in beginning and that was putting it lightly.

They stood up, arms around each other and slowly walked up the hill back to the Great Hall were a full on feast was happening.

No one would have thought they would see these two walking together in harmony apart from the younger girl with the infamous red hair that just happened to be hiding behind a tree at the time and was pumping a fist in the air for a reason unrelated to the sight of Draco Malfoy and Hermione Granger together.

\*\*So there you go. Please let me know what you think by reviewing!\*\*

End  
file.